VOL. I. OCTOBER, 1898. NO. 12.

LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

PRICE 10 CTS. 1.00 A YEAR

PUBLISHED BY S. E. CASSINO BOSTON

LITTLE FOLKS desires a reliable agent in every town and city. Liberal terms will be made with persons having some leisure to devote to securing subscribers.

Contents of Little Folks, October, 1898.

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Photographs ...OF... Child-Life.

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Freight or express charges are paid by receiver.

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STEAM TOYS.

Any toy on this page will be sent free for two new subscribers, or for one new subscriber and 25c. (If sent prepaid, 15c. additional.)

All the toys on this page are made by the Weeden Manufacturing Co., and are guaranteed. Each engine is tested and carefully packed. They are large and handsome, and are the most popular and instructive toys a boy can possess. Full instructions will be sent with each one. All parts are interchangeable and duplicates can be obtained from the manufacturers at New Bedford, Mass.

STEAM ENGINE.

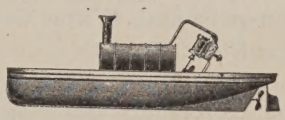
HOT AIR ENGINE.

STEAM PILE DRIVER.

The Steam Engine stands 10 inches high, is made of polished brass, and has a good water glass.

The Hot Air Engine is a new toy, and as it does not use water or steam, it will run indefinitely. Made of brass and guaranteed.

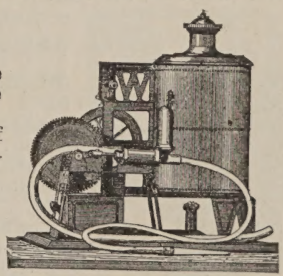
Steam Pile Driver. This very interesting toy is finished in fine colors, and is thoroughly tested before being sent out. Works like the large Pile Drivers.

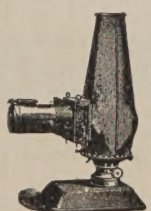


The Steamboat can be run in a bath-tub in winter. Brass boiler and three bladed propellor.

The Steam Force Pump and Engine combined.

Throws a stream of water six feet at ordinary speed.





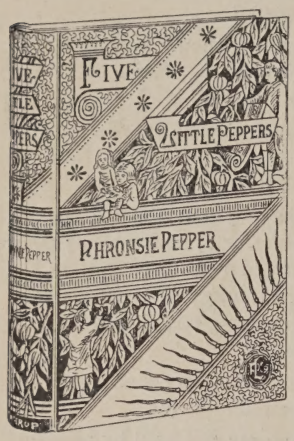
Brilliant Magic Lantern, with safety lamp and screw focal adjustment. Six slides with each lantern. (12 additional slides will be sent, postpaid, for one new subscriber.) Full directions for operating the lantern will be sent in the box.

A Free Yearly Subscription to

LITTLE FOLKS

given for 2 new subscribers.

Five Little Pepper Series.



FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW.

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS MIDWAY.

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS GROWN UP.

PHRONSIE PEPPER. The last of the Five Little Peppers.

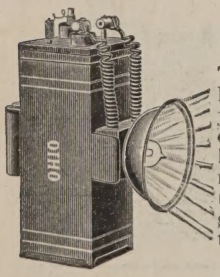
This closing book of the now world-famous series of the "Five Little Pepper Books" by Margaret Sidney, is the story of Phronsie, the youngest and dearest of all the Peppers. But Polly and Joel and Ben and Jasper and Mamsie, too, are all in the story.

Any one of the four volumes given for 2 new subscribers. Postage and packing 15 cents extra. Price, each, $1.50, postpaid.

Prang's Non-poisonous Water Colors, and 10 Outline Pictures.

Given for 1 new subscriber and 10 cents additional. The colors are fine quality and perfectly harmless. 12 colors and 2 camel's-hair brushes in box. Directions for coloring the pictures included. Price complete, 70 cents.

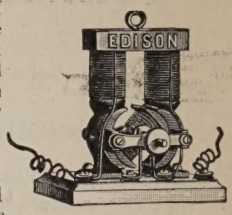
Electrical Novelties.



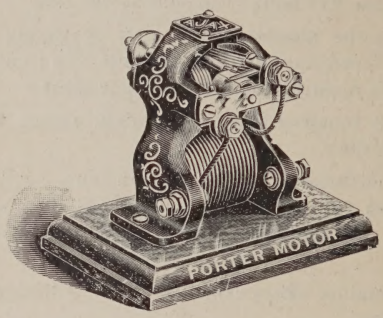
Bicycle Electric Light. This is a most satisfactory light for a wheel as it cannot jolt out. There is no smoke or smell, it gives a brilliant light at a cost of two cents a night. The retail price of this light is $6.00. It will be given for six new subscribers to Little Folks.

Electric Light for Necktie, Cap or Coat. This outfit is furnished with a double dry battery, and gives a light of a full candle power. Full directions with each. Guaranteed to work perfectly. Given for two new subscribers to Little Folks.

Electric Motor. This motor will run at a speed of 2000 revolutions a minute and devlopes sufficient power to run toy mechanical machinery. Any battery can be used. Given for one new subscriber and 15c. If sen by mail 24c extra.

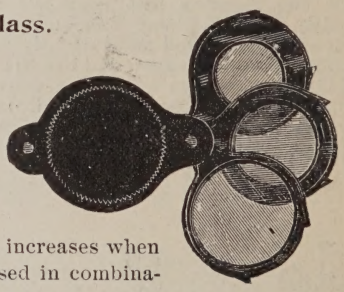


Ajax Motor and Fan. Finely mounted and finished wooden base, about 3½ inches square and weighing one pound. This motor runs on a single cell of battery, open or closed circuit, dry cell or fluid battery. Given for two new subscribers and 15c. Postage 18c extra.



Either of the above motors can be run by a tumbler battery, which consists of zinc and carbon elements arranged to place in any tumbler, cup or jar. Three batteries will be sent postpaid for one new subscriber, or will be sold for 15c each, postpaid.

Magnifying Glass.



Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.

Hard rubber case; 3 lenses of different diameters. The power increases when the lenses are used in combination. Price, 75 cents.

Tripod Microscope.

Given for 1 new subscriber.

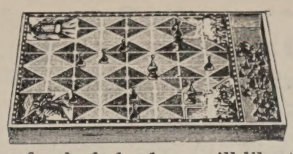
One of the most popular forms of microscopes. Good achromatic lens, mounted in brass. This style is popularly called the "three-legged" microscope, as it rests on three brass supports. Price, 70 cents.

Any other microscopes, books, etc., given as premiums upon request. Write for information.

Pillow-Dex.

Given for 1 new subscriber.

Jolly, exciting, absorbing. For big and little folks—any number of players. The most popular game to-day. The outfit contains 8 best quality "Pillow-Dex" balloons, and silk ribbon marking line. The balloon is struck back and forth rapidly, the object being to make it land on your opponent's side of the line. The best game devised to amuse the home circle and parties at all seasons of the year. Price, 50 cents.



Hold the Fort.

Given for 1 new subscriber.

A new and taking game of skill. Players fond of checkers will like this. Price, 50 cents.

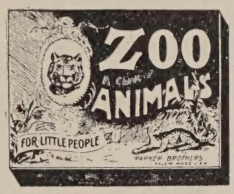
Game of Travel.

Given for 1 new subscriber and 10 cts. extra.

A handsome game representing a tour of Europe. Pieces are metal steamships and railroad trains. Price 65 cents.

Any 2 Games given for 1 new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price, each, 25 cents.

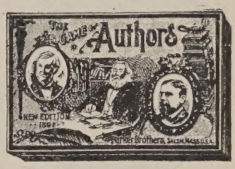
Zoo. A simple game for little ones; those not old enough to read can join. Colored pictures.

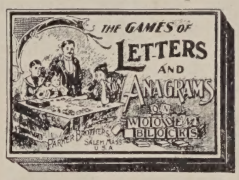


Cut Up History. Nine "sliced" pictures in colors of historical events.

The Sailor Boy. A "sliced" or dissected puzzle, showing in colors, return of a sailor boy from his cruise.

Authors. Always a standard favorite. The cards are finely illustrated.





Letters and Anagrams.

The ever popular game, variously called "Logograms," "Words and Sentences," "Word Building," etc.

Old Maid. Very amusing game, with comical cards illustrated in colors.

Any 3 Games given for 1 new subscriber. Postage and packing 12 cents extra. Price, each, 25 cents.

Mother Goose, Jr. Cards in colors illustrating Mother Goose rhymes. A children's game much like "Old Maid."

Drawing Teacher. 20 perforated cards, different designs, each 4½x6½ in. Admirable for children.

Dominoes. A handsome and durable set. Black with white spots.

Cut Up Animals. Same as the "Sliced" pictures sets, has letters at the top, words at bottom.

Hare and Hounds.

The board is covered with various paths over which the hare tries to escape. Very interesting to the children.

Checkers. Very desirable, and elegantly finished. Much superior to wood.

Ladies' Pearl Penholder.

Given for 3 new subscribers and 10 cents additional.

Fine pearl handle, solid gold pen, in elegant morocco case. Price, $2.00.

Ladies' Long Guard Chain No. 1558.

Given for 2 new subscribers. Heavy Rolled Gold Plate. 48 inches in length. Price, $1.25.

Six Games. Given for 1 new subscriber. Postage and packing 10 cents extra.

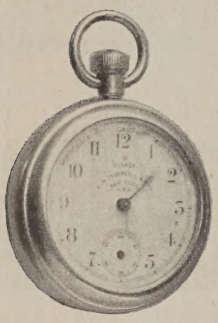
The games are very attractive to the children; cards brightly illustrated.

Bo-Peep.—The story of "Little Bo-Peep;" for the little ones. **Cinderella.**—Another one to interest the little folks. **Puss in the Corner.**—A pretty game. **Shopping.**—A splendid game on the "trading" plan. **Snap.**—Always popular and amusing. **When My Ship Comes In.**—A fortune-telling game, with colored cards. Price of the set, 50 cents.

Any Three of the above, and either of the following, given for 1 new subscriber.

Corner Grocery.—A novel, exciting game. The children can "play store" to their heart's content. **Tiddledy Winks.**—Always a popular game; has colored bone pieces, glass cup. Price, each, 25 cts.

WATCHES.



THE YANKEE.

Gentlemen's or Boys' Watch. "The Yankee" will be sent, postpaid, for two new subscribers, or for one new subscriber and 40 c. This watch weighs 3 5-8 oz. The picture is from a photograph and is reduced one-half. Nickel case, patent winder. The makers give the following guarantee: "If, without abuse, this watch fails to keep good time, they will upon its return to them within one year, repair it or replace it with a new one."

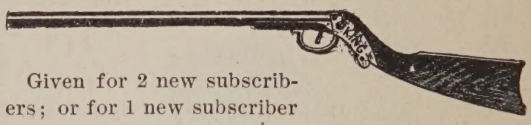
A Beautiful Watch for a Girl or Boy. These cuts, reduced one-half, are from photographs direct from the watches. They are good, reliable watches. American movement, guaranteed. The publisher of LITTLE FOLKS can conscientiously recommend these watches, and having spent considerable time in the examination of many watches believes these are the best to be found for the price. Any person, boy or girl, will be proud to own one of these little gems. They are stem winding and setting, and will be furnished in solid nickle case, and will be given for six new subscribers, or for three new subscribers and $1.25. The same movement will be given in triple gold plated and beautifully engraved case for six new subscribers and 30 cts., or for three new subscribers and $1.55. With good care this case will wear for years. The pictures give but little idea of the beauty of these watches.

NICKEL CASE.

GOLD CASE.

Bagster Art Bible, profusely illustrated with full page half-tones from photographs of paintings by the world's greatest masters. Printed on fine paper, large, self-pronouncing type, concordance, references. Fine morocco, divinity circuit binding. Size, 5 1-2 x 8 3-8 inches. Retail price, $6.00. Given for four new subscribers, or for two new subscribers and 80cts. Postage or express, 30 cts. extra.

The King Repeating Air Rifle.



Given for 2 new subscribers; or for 1 new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Postage and packing 45 cents extra; or by express, receiver to pay charges.

Working parts are steel, interchangeable; length, 31½ inches. The magazine holds 150 BB shot. One of the finest air guns made. Price, $1.50. Postage extra, as above; or sent by express.

Telescopic Drinking Cup. Pen and Pencil Name Stamp. The "Little Aeronaut."

Any two given for 1 new subscriber.

The stamp is a pen, pencil and rubber name stamp combined, all ready for instant use. Extra ink included

The "Little Aeronaut" is a new and captivating toy. The parachute and image are thrown into the air by means of a "throw stick" (included). The parachute opens and floats slowly to the ground. Price, each, 25 cents.

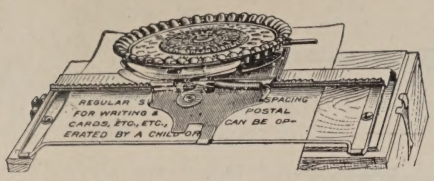
Peerless Letter Scale.

Given for 1 new subscriber. For home or office use. Weighs accurately from ¼ ounce to 12 ounces. The hook is used for tied parcels; the clamp for letters. Price 45 cents.

Silver Thimble.

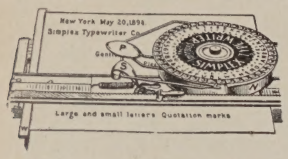
Given for 1 new subscriber. Solid silver. Mention size desired. Price 50 cents.

"Little Giant" Typewriter.



Given for 2 new subscribers; or for 1 new subscriber and 40 cents additional.

A practical and durable little typewriter, for writing letters or in a book, marking packages, etc. Can be understood and operated at once by any child able to spell. The Automatic Inker, with fountain pads avoids handling ink. Price, $1.15.

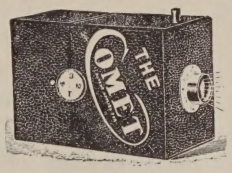


For a larger, more complete Typewriter, we offer the

Improved Simplex Typewriter.

Given for 5 new subscribers; or for 3 new subscribers and $1.00 additional. Has 84 characters; work is equal to the highest priced machines; total weight only a pound. Price, $3.00.

The "Comet" Camera.



Given for 2 new subscribers; or for 1 new subscriber and 40 cents additional.

Simple in construction, cannot get out of order. A child can successfully use it. Point the camera and press the button. The "Comet" is a magazine camera, holding sufficient film at a time for 4 pictures, each picture 1 inch square.

Extra Films. 1 dozen given for 1 new subscriber. Price, 40 cents.

Developing Outfit. Given for 1 new subscriber. Consists of 2 rolls of film, developing and fixing materials, blue print paper, etc. Price, 25 cents.

The "Crescent" Camera.

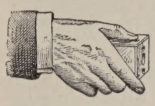
Given for 4 new subscribers; or for 2 new subscribers and 75 cents additional. Postage and packing 20 cents extra.

For glass plates and cut films; makes 3x3 picture; shutter for "snapshot" and time. Leather covered; fine lens. One double Plate Holder included. Price of Camera and Plate Holder $2.00. Postage and packing 20 cents extra.

"Cyclone" Camera.

Given for 10 new subscribers and 50 cents additional. Postage and packing 35 cents extra.

The **Ray Camera** will be substituted if desired. For 4x5 glass plates, fine lens, snapshot and time shutter. Price, $6.25, prepaid.



Pocket Kodak. Given for 6 new subscribers. 1 roll of film (12 pictures), included. Postage and packing 15 cents extra.

Makes a picture 1¼x2 inches; snapshot and time shutter. For film and glass plates. Price, $5.00. Roll of extra film 25 cents.

Book Slate, Colored Crayons and Holder. All given for 1 new subscriber. Postage and packing 10 cents extra.

A Silicate Slate having 6 writing surfaces, each 6x9 inches. 5 boxes colored crayon points, each holding 7 different points; and a crayon holder (with eraser) included. Price complete, 60 cents.

Boy's 2-bladed Knife No. 191.

Given for 1 new subscriber and 10 cts. additional.

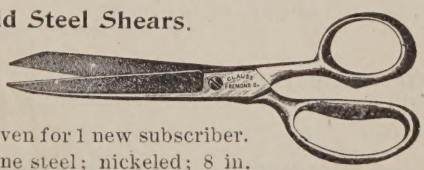
Best steel; "clip" point (as in cut) or regular; length, open, 6½ inches. Price 60 cents.

4-bladed Penknife.

Given for 1 new subscriber. Fine pearl handle; good steel; finely finished; length of handle 2¼ inches. Price 50 cts.

After present stock is exhausted we may be unable to continue this liberal offer of the penknife.

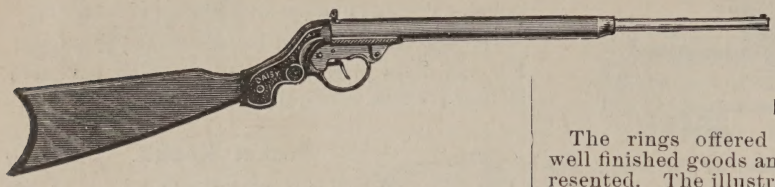
Solid Steel Shears.



Given for 1 new subscriber. Fine steel; nickeled; 8 in. Price 65 cents.

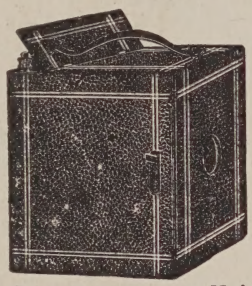
Ladies' Scissors.

Given for 1 new subscriber. 5 inches; nickeled. Price 30 cents.



Daisy Air Rifle. Shoots darts or B. B. shot. Black walnut stock, pistol grip, nickle plated. Has a new arrangement by which darts can be used, making it perfectly safe for parlor amusement. All parts are interchangeable and can be replaced if required. Length 30 inches. The best air rifle to be had. Given for two new subscribers or for one new subscriber and 20c. Postage 35cts. or sent by express.

The "Baby" Sewing Machine. Given for two new subscribers. This is a perfect little sewing machine, well made, strong and practical. It is simple in construction and not liable to get out of order. A child can operate it successfully, learning to sew and deriving amusement at the same time. Sent complete, properly adjusted with thread, needle and cloth, ready to begin sewing as soon as received. Full directions in each box. (Postage 35c extra.) See last page premium list.



"Crescent" Camera. Given for 4 new subscribers, or for 2 new subscribers and 75c additional. Postage and packing 20 cents extra.

For glass plates and cut films; makes 3x3 pictures; shutter for "snapshot" and time. Leather covered; fine lens. One double Plate Holder included. Price of Camera and Plate Holder, $2 00. Postage and packing, 20 cents extra.

A Collection of 250 Foreign Postage Stamps, all different. Every child will find collecting stamps exceedingly interesting and instructive. This collection makes an excellent start for a boy or girl and is given for one new subscriber. Catalogue value over $2.50.

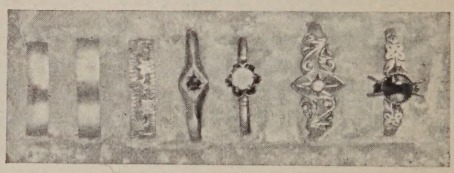
A Good American Flag, fast colors, 3 feet long will be sent post paid for one new subscriber.

Tripod Microscope. Good achromatic lens, mounted in brass. Given for one new subscriber.

RING MEASURE. -|2|3|4|5|6|7|8|9|10|11|12|

Rings.

The rings offered below are all well made, well finished goods and guaranteed to be as represented. The illustrations are photographed directly from the rings. Each ring is *solid gold*, not plated or gold filled. The stones are genuine and not glass. If they do not give entire satisfaction they may be returned. In ordering always give size of ring as per ring measure on other column.



179 219 162 1272g 2747 2109 1195e

179 This solid gold baby's ring is given for one new subscriber.

219 This plain gold band for baby will be given for one new subscriber and 15c.

162 This engraved gold baby's ring will be given for two subscribers or for one new subscriber and 30c.

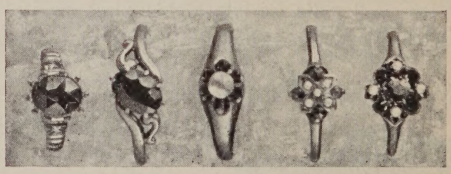
1272g This handsome carbuncle ring for a child is given for two new subscribers or for one new subscriber and 25c.

2109 Solid gold ring with small pearl given for two new subscribers or one new subscriber and 35c.

1195e Handsome solid gold ring with emerald given for two new subscribers and 10c.

1107g A solid gold ring with garnet given for two new subscribers and 10c.

2747 This is a very handsome ring for a child, solid gold with beautiful opal. Given for four new subscribers or three new subscribers and 10c.



1107g 2738 3626 1420-32 X208e

3626 Gold ring with moonstone. Given for three new subscribers or two new subscribers and 25c.

2738 Solid gold with fine emerald.

X208e Solid gold. Emerald and pearls.

1420-32 Solid gold. Garnet and pearls.

Any one of last three rings will be given for four new subscribers. They are all very handsome and would retail at $3.00 each.

Child's Cup No. 74.

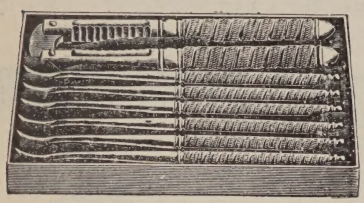
Given for 2 new subscribers. Silver plated, fine satin finish, beautifully engraved, gold lined. Price $1.25.

Napkin Ring No. 206.

Given for 1 new subscriber and 15 cents additional.

Heavily silver plated; satin finish, with finely engraved design. Price 80 cents.

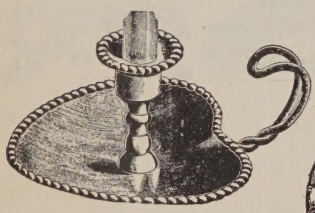
Nutpicks and Cracker No. 313c.



Given for 1 new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Six in a neat box; silver plated; light and strong. Price 75 cts.

Silver Plated Candlestick and Salt (or Pepper).

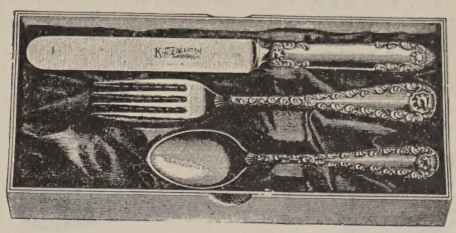
Both given for 1 new subscriber.



Candlestick is burnished; base about 2½ inches across. Silver plated Salt or Pepper. Price, Candlestick 40 cents; Salt, 25 cents.

Child's Silver Plated Set.

Given for 1 new subscriber and 10 cents additional.



Heavily plated Knife, Fork and Spoon; in satin lined box. Price 75 cents.

Child's Set, including Napkin Ring.

Given for 2 new subscribers. In plush lined box; different design from above. Price $1.25.

A free yearly subscription to one of the following periodicals will be given for two new subscribers to LITTLE FOLKS.

McClure's Magazine.
Ladies' Home Journal.
The Munsey.
The Cosmopolitan.
Mother's Journal.
Trained Motherhood.

CLUB RATES.

LITTLE FOLKS will be sent with the following magazines at the prices mentioned.

McClure's Magazine,	$1.80
The Cosmopolitan,	1.80
The Munsey,	1.85
Ladies' Home Journal,	1.75
Atlantic,	4.25
Century Magazine,	4.50
Harper's Monthly,	4.25
New England Magazine,	3.50
Scribner's Magazine,	3.50
Outing,	3.50
Life,	5.50
Lippincott's,	3.50
No. American Review,	5.00
Review of Reviews,	3.60
Critic,	2.40
Ladies' Home Companion,	1.40

Standard Works for the Home Circle.

Any one volume given for 1 new subscriber.

Cranford. Mrs. Gaskell.
Rab and his Friends. John Brown.
Tales from Shakespeare. Charles and Mary Lamb.
Sesame and Lillies. John Ruskin.
Addresses. Henry Drummond.
Uncle Tom's Cabin. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
Lucile. Owen Meredith.
Lady of the Lake. Sir Walter Scott.
Marmion. Sir Walter Scott.
Princess. Tennyson.
Childe Harold, Byron.
Idyls of the King. Tennyson.
Wonder Book. Hawthorne.
Addresses. Phillips Brooks.
Natural Law in the Spiritual World. Drummond.
Royalty of Friendship. Classical Selections.
A Dog of Flanders. Louisa de la Rame.
My King and His Service. Frances Ridley Havergal.
Black Beauty. Anna Sewall.
Paul and Virginia. St. Pierre.
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Lewis Carroll.
The Song of Hiawatha. Longfellow.

They are printed on good paper; clear, open type; bound in celluloid, pearl edge, title in gold. This is a novel and beautiful style of binding Price, each, 75 cents.

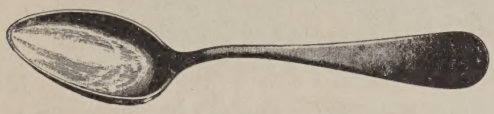
Table Spoons and Table Forks.

¼ dozen of either given for 2 new subscribers.

All the spoons, forks and knives offered are *triple plated*, and will wear for many years. Finished in "Norwood" or "Windsor" pattern. (See cut of Butter Knife.)

Tea Spoons.

½ dozen given for 2 new subscribers.



In "Norwood" and "Windsor" patterns. Price, $1.00.

Coffee Spoons.

½ dozen given for 1 new subscriber and 15 cents additional.

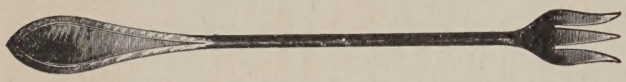
Triple plated; a fine set. Price 85 cents.

Dessert Spoons and Dessert Forks.

½ dozen given for 3 new subscribers. In "Norwood" and "Windsor" patterns. Price $1 50.

Table Knives.

½ dozen given for 3 new subscribers. Dessert size substituted if desired. Price, $1.50.



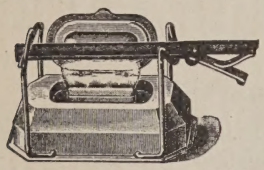
Pickle Fork.

Given for 1 new subscriber. Price 50 cents.

Carving Knife and Fork.

Given for 3 new subscribers and 15 cents additional. 8-inch Knife, stag or rubber handle. Best steel. Price, $2.00.

Curling-Iron Lamp, Comb and Calendar.

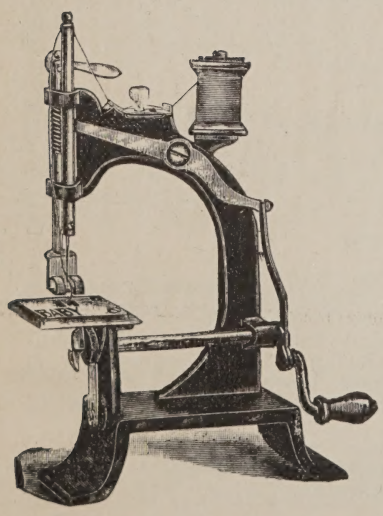


Any two given for 1 new subscriber.

All are silver plated. Use alcohol in the lamp; for heating has no equal, does not blacken the iron; absolutely safe and clean.

The Comb is 3½ inches long.

Size of Calendar 4½x2½ inches. Price, each, 30 cents.



"BABY" SEWING MACHINE

PRACTICAL. STRONG. CHEAP.

The "BABY" is a perfect little Sewing Machine, well made

AND WARRANTED TO DO GOOD SEWING.

It uses regular Willcox & Gibbs needles and regular machine thread; No. 80 glazed is recommended.

The "BABY" Machine is strong and simple in construction, and not liable to get out of order. A child can operate it successfully, learning to sew and deriving amusement at the same time. It is attached to a table, shelf or any convenient place by means of a clamp furnished with each machine.

Sent complete, properly adjusted, in wooden box, with thread, needle, cloth and everything necessary to begin sewing as soon as received. ***Full directions in each box.***

Given for Two New Subscribers to LITTLE FOLKS.

If sent by mail, 35 cents extra.

NUTTING.

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. I. OCTOBER, 1898. No. 12.

THE FRECKLED BOY.

A BOY without freckles?—a trout without spots?—
A butterfly's wing without feathers or dots?
Poor child, all unspattered with nature's brown stain,
Run out when the wind blows, and face sun and rain!

No boy is *all* boy without tan on his nose,
And freckles and scratches from forehead to toes!
His smile should be seen every hour in the day,
For freckles and smiles go together, I say.

And don't be ashamed if a dimple remains!
Just cover it up with the tan and the stains;
There's nothing so fine in the whole realm of art
As a freckle set down in a dimple's sweet heart!

Paul Pastnor.

A WEEK FROM TUESDAY.

HIS mother was beginning to make gingerbread. "Dear me!" she said suddenly, "the ginger box is empty. Davie, my boy, jump up and run to the store and get me a quarter of a pound of ginger—a quarter of a pound."

"And Davie, spry and frisky Davie," said his big sister Ellen, "I began a story at Aunt Betsey's yesterday in her last Harper's—I wish you would stop there and ask her to lend me the magazine for to-day."

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"And Davie," said his other sister, Julia, "won't you ask her if I left my sleeve pattern there, yesterday?"

"Oh—I—s'pose—I can," said Davie with a grunt. "I wish I didn't have to do so many things! Everybody keeps asking me to do something. I wish I couldn't have anything to do but be having fun for a spell."

After Davie came back with the ginger and the book and the pattern, his mother said this to him:

"Davie, my boy, your sisters and I have been thinking while you were gone, that it would be a good plan if instead of being asked to do something for everybody you be not allowed to do anything for anybody, for—for—we will say a week; and we will let the plan begin now, Tuesday, half-past ten o'clock."

Davie stared at his mother. Then he smiled. Then he looked a little queer—and then he skipped out, yelling, "*C-h-o-o-o-o!*"

Next morning Davie appeared to have forgotten all about his week of "having fun." But when Aunt Betsey called in, and he went to bring her the rocking chair, as he had been taught to do, his mother quietly raised her hand and moved her head a tiny little bit, for "no." Davie turned red in the face and walked slowly away, while Julia brought the chair.

Though all the family knew about his week of "just fun and not doing anything for anybody," Davie never heard it mentioned. He simply found that he was not asked to do any service, nor was he allowed to, not even his own daily work of bringing in the wood and running on errands. No words were needed, no ordering off, just a look or the lift of a forefinger in perfect silence, made him understand.

One afternoon when a shower seemed coming up there was a sudden call for help in getting in the hay. Such a scampering as there was! Father, Ellen, Julia, brother Tom, the hired man, hurrying with pitchforks and rakes, and the hay wagon rattling out of the barn! Davie started to run, too, eager to save the hay, but the "no" look on his mother's face made him remember, and he sat down on the doorstep all by himself. You see Davie was at heart a good, loving boy, and it was hard

LEFT BEHIND.

for him to remember that his part was to do nothing for anybody.

He forgot again next day, when Julia had a bad headache and wished for some camphor from the druggist's. He caught his hat down, to go, but the sudden silence of all made him remember again that it was his part to do nothing for anybody. It was during Davie's week of "having fun" that a poor old woman, Aunt Ann, had a load of wood given her and the boys of the village, big and small, went to work upon it. Some sawed, others brought it to be sawed, or piled it up, and some others split kindling wood. A great help was this to Aunt Ann.

Davie was not at the bee. Ellen happened to go down cellar to set something on the ground to keep cool, and while she was placing a tub over it—on account of the cats—she spied Davie, squeezed away in behind the wood pile. She did not let him know he was seen, for fear he would feel queer about it. But she and Julia and his mother had a good laugh over it, though the mother's laugh had some tears mingled in, from pity for her boy.

Indeed, the poor little fellow had rather a hard week of it.

One day his small brother and two small visiting cousins from town went egg-hunting. Eggs were needed. Davie's mother was making a birthday cake for Aunt Betsey, also sugar kisses. She stood at the back door and clapped her hands to set the children running, and away they ran, into the barn and under it, and up in the hay mows, and among the bushes; and the cousins even climbed the trees, thinking hens might build their nests up there the same as birds! One little fellow got shut up in the henhouse by the door slamming together, and cried till someone heard him and opened the door, just as he had squeezed himself partway through a hole and was trying to pull himself back.

Ellen and Julia watched the fun from the windows. Julia made motions with her lips to Ellen: "Where's Davie?" Ellen smiled, then with her shoulders hunched up, pointed to the floor, meaning that he was down cellar, squeezed in behind the wood pile.

It did not take a week for Davie to find out whether it helped a boy in "having fun" not to be asked to do anything for anybody. He had to sit and see his mother bring in an armful of wood; to see his father go for the newspaper and split kindlings, and to see Julia and Ellen doing all kinds of errands. What a strange thing it was to have no part at all in the family duties! Yet not a word had been said to him about the matter. No one had laughed at him to make him feel ashamed. In fact, no one had taken any special notice of him.

It was observed on Tuesday, that Davie anxiously watched the hands of the clock as they pointed nearer and nearer to half-past ten; and not very long after he was seen pulling up weeds in the garden. Later he did as usual what had been his work to do. He said nothing, and his mother and father and sisters said nothing. On the part of the family, when anyone wished anything done he was asked to do it the same as if there had been no week of having "nothing to do but be having fun;" and on Davie's part there was a very pleasant and manly willingness and alertness.

Abbie Morton Diaz.

DANA H.

DANA H. AND MILDRED P.

FLORENCE R. AT HOME.

FLORENCE R. ABROAD.

RALPH S. IN CAP AND COAT.

RALPH S. AND "MOTHER GOOSE."

(THE THIRD BABY SHOW. I.)

WILLIAM CROWELL HARBOUR.

JOSEPH WARREN JENNINGS.

A FLOCK OF FIVE.

MAGEL W. CORBIN.

MARY ORLENA SPOFFORD.

WAITING.

(THE THIRD BABY SHOW. II.)

JOHN, JULIA, HAROLD AND DONALD HAYES.

FLORENCE THORNTON.

LAWRENCE AVERY RANKIN.

MARGARET JENNETT RICH.

WILLARD MORRELL.

(THE THIRD BABY SHOW. III.)

HELEN TOWLE.

LILLIS TOWLE.

LAMAR RUTHERFORD LIPSCOMBE.

ROGER HARRINGTON CARTER.

FLORENCE BOOCO.

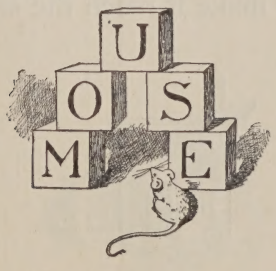
PAUL CRENSHAW COLONNA.

(THE THIRD BABY SHOW. IV.)

The Kind Little Carpenter.

(A play with Letter Blocks.)

"A HOUSE, a house! Build me a house!"
Cried out a frightened little Mouse;
"I want a place where I may hide,
Where I may stay quite safe inside,
Away from Mistress Pussy-cat!"
"Oh, yes, poor Mousey, I'll build that;
I'll take an **M**, and then an **O**,
And after that a **U**, you know,
And then an **S**, and last an **E**—
You have a nice snug house, you see!"



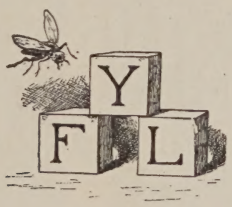
MOUSEY'S HOUSE.

"A house for me! A house for me!"
Buzzed out a great big Bumble-bee;
"I am so tired of buzzing round
And making always this queer sound—

I want a place where I can rest."
"Sir Bumble-bee, I'll do my best;
I'll take a **B**, and then an **E**,
And—please, how do you spell your bee?
Oh, yes, I know—another **E**.
Go in your house, Sir Bumble-bee!"

SIR BUMBLE-BEE'S HOUSE.

"Build *me* a house! Build *me* a house!
I'm just as rich as Bee or Mouse,"
Called out a big Blue-Bottle Fly;
"I want it high to reach the sky,
So I may never have to crawl
Again upon this tiresome wall."
"Yes, yes, I will, and build it well;
First comes an **F**, and then an **L**,
And then on top I'll put a **Y**;
But I can't make it reach the sky!"



THE FLY'S HOUSE.

"I want one too! I want one too!"
Said funny little Nanki-Poo.
"I want a house to call my own—
Your naughty dog thinks I'm a bone,

And pulls my arms and bites my head,
And soon I know I shall be dead
Unless I have a little house
Where I can hide—like Mistress Mouse.
Please build it safe, and build it *now*,
I hear him coming—'Bow-wow-wow!'"

THE NAUGHTY DOG.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do!
I never can spell Nanki-Poo!
Yet you are hurt, and need a house,
Much more than Bee, or Fly, or Mouse.
I have a plan, dear Nanki-Poo—
I'll tell you just what I will do.
I'll take a **D**, and then an **O**,
Then **L**, and **L**—for Doll, you know—
And so there'll be a house for you,
Though I can't spell queer Nanki-Poo!"

Lilla Thomas Elder.

NANKI-POO'S HOUSE.

K IS is for Kitten,
In softest of furs,
That plays with the children,
And cuddles, and purrs.

(Mama's Kitten Talk.)

"WHY are children so fond of kittens?" asked I. "Because kittens are so fond of children," laughed Tom, pointing to the one curled cozily up in Dot's lap. "Because they play so," said Will. "Because they are so soft and cuddly to hold," said Dot, "and purr so, like going to sleep." "And have such fine whiskers and beautiful long tails," added Will.

"The Malay cats," I remarked, "have tails only half as long as ours; and the Manx cats, on the Isle of Man, have no tails at all!" Dot was sure she should not like a tailless cat. She thought, though, she should like an Angora, when I told her it was white, and had long fluffy fur, and a silken brush of a tail.

Then Tom asked where cats first came from. "They have been tamed as pets and mouse-hunters for so long," I replied, "that it is not surely known. Domestic cats are thought to have come from a wild Egyptian cat. Anyway, we know the Egyptians had tame cats more than three thousand years ago, and that from Egypt they spread over Europe some time before the first

Christmas. But nineteen hundred years ago they were not the common pets of the children, as to-day.

"The cat," I went on, "was one of the sacred animals in Egypt, and had temples built for its worship. The old Egyptians had many gods and goddesses, and each deity had its sacred animal. The cat was sacred to the moon-goddess, Pasht. And so Pasht was always pictured and sculptured with the head of a cat, or a lioness —cats and lions are cousins, you know. Our word puss is thought by some to have come from the name Pasht. If a cat died in an Egyptian house, not only the little girl whose pet it was, but all the family, shaved off their eyebrows."

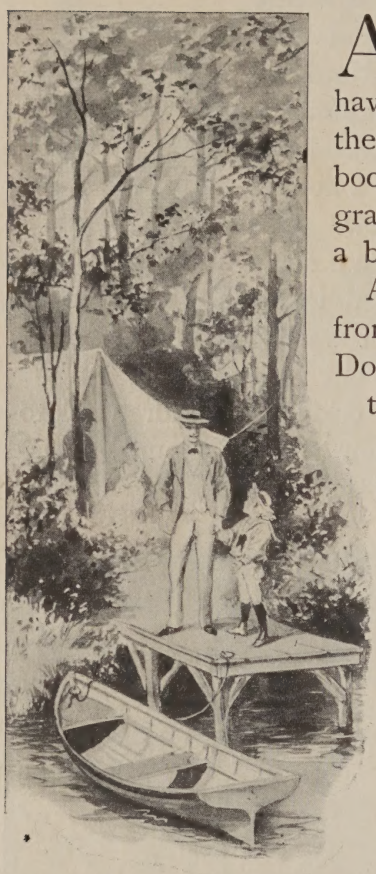
THE KITTEN'S BIGGEST COUSIN.

"*Why*—why did they do that?" cried the children all together. "Well," said I, "it was their sign of mourning, and also their way of gaining the favor of the cat-goddess, Pasht."

STATUE OF PASHT, EGYPTIAN ROOM, MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.

GOOD-BY, LITTLE BOOBOO.

(*The Booboo Stories.*)



IN THE WOODS.

AND one day they all went off to the woods in a big hay-cart to have a picnic—the big Booboo and the little Booboo and the little Booboo's mama and the little Booboo's grandpa, all went off to the woods in a big hay-cart to have a picnic.

And the little Booboo sat up in front and drove the horses—dear old Dolly and Winniemuck. Those were the horses' names. They knew they were going to a picnic in the deep green woods by the river-side where the sweet young grasses grew.

"You are glad to go to the picnic too, dear old Dolly and Winniemuck," said the little Booboo. "You're glad to go to the picnic too."

And mama said, "Oh, what a beautiful, beautiful day! I am glad we're going to the woods and stay all day and have a picnic."

And Robbie sang a song as they jogged along. This was the little song that Robbie sang:

Oh, happy and free are we, are we,
And the birds sing chip, chip, cheery.
Oh, happy and free are we, are we,
This beautiful day, my dearie.

He had a lovely little voice, so clear and sweet and tender. I know you would always remember if you had heard this little

boy sing; what a sweet little voice he had, so clear, so tender.

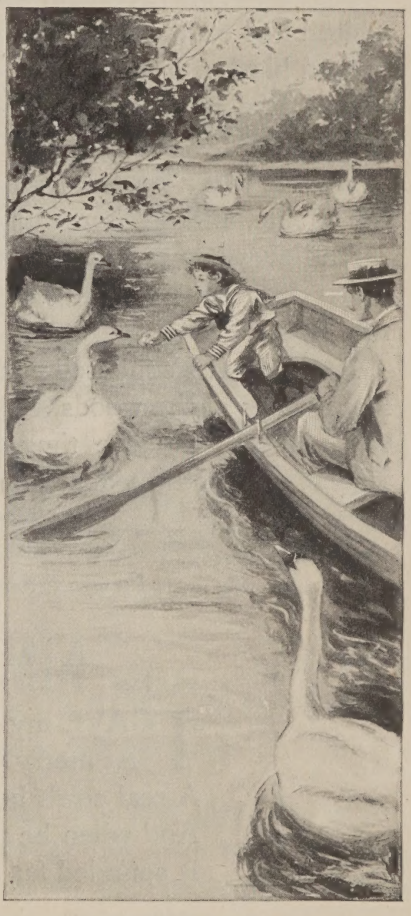
And when they came into the woods, into the big deep woods by the river-side, what do you think they saw?

They saw a tent by the river-side under a big oak tree.

And Robbie said, "Oh, papa, is that our tent, papa?"

And his father said, "Yes, that is our tent, my son."

And Robbie said, "Oh, papa, I wish we could stay all night in the woods and sleep in that tent, papa!"



IN THE LITTLE BLUE BOAT.

And his father said, "Well, I'd like to stay all night in the woods and sleep in that tent myself."

And mama said, "Yes, yes, what fun! Let us stay all night in the woods!"

And grandpa said, "Why, yes. A very good plan, my dear little man, a very good plan! We'll all spend the night in the woods!"

And the big Booboo threw his hat high up in the air and said, "I would like to stay for a week and a day in these beautiful woods, heigh-ho!"

And the little Booboo threw his hat high up in the air and said, "Oh, oh I want to stay for a week and a day in these beautiful woods, heigh-ho!"

And dear old Dolly and Winniemuck, down by the river-side, where the sweet young grasses grew—they were glad too, to stay for a week and a day in those beautiful woods, I know.

And Robbie said, "Oh, papa, is that our little blue boat on the river, papa?"

And his father said, "Yes, that is our boat, my son."

And Robbie said, "Oh, oh let us go out and row in the little blue boat on the river, papa!"

And the big Booboo and the little Booboo went out on the river to row in the little blue boat.

(Mama and grandpa stayed by the tent and read and talked together.)

And all at once Robbie said, "Oh, see those birds, those big white birds on the water, papa!"

And his father said, "Yes, those are swans, my son."

And all about the little blue boat six white swans came sailing and craning their long white necks.

Robbie had a cookie in his pocket and he fed the swans with the cookie, and oh, how hungry they were.

And every day while they stayed in the woods Robbie and his father went out on the river in the little blue boat and fed the swans.

And I wish I could tell you all the other things they did those happy days in the woods, but it would take a week and a day to tell you all, and the time has come to say "Good-by, little Booboo. Good-by, dear little Booboo."

Gertrude Smith, author of "Arabella and Araminta Stories."

A MYSTERY.

I GAVE my baby boy a horn
At merry Christmas-tide;
A real cow's horn with silver tips,
And when he put it to his lips
It sounded far and wide.

In June he visited a farm
And heard the red cow moo;
"O see, mama! just see!" he said,
"She blows her horns right on her head!
How *does* the noise get through?"

Henrietta R. Eliot.

CURLY COMB DARTED OVER THE EDGE OF THE BOAT.

DONALD'S GOOD HEN.

CHAPTER VI.—CURLY COMB AT THE LILY POND.

AFTER about half of the boat was well into the water, Donald laid Curly Comb under the little seat, and told her to sit still there. Then he took up the dainty painted oars and gave the boat a push, as Dorcas always did.

But now hear what Curly Comb did. Instead of sitting still as Donald had told her to do, as soon as she felt the boat move she flapped out from under the seat, with a great cackling and screeching, and hopped on shore.

"Naughty hen!" shouted Donald. "When I tell you to sit still, why don't you mind!"

He gave the boat a hard push back to the land. It slid up far enough for him to get out and catch the hen, though she ran from him for a little distance. Then he climbed into the boat as before, and put Curly Comb in the same place and bade her not to dare to jump out again.

The hen fluttered and seemed about to disobey him. But Donald put his foot up against her. She was not able to struggle past until after he had got a boat's length of water between him and the shore. But then the excited hen could not be kept any longer. With a screech, she darted up over the edge of the boat, and half flew, half swam, to the land.

Donald was angry. At first he thought he would go back and get her and make her mind. But he found managing the boat harder work than he had expected, and decided to let Curly Comb go, and row right out to count the lilies.

As he turned, he gave an awkward push, so that his hand slipped and let one of the oars fall into the water. He could have caught it, if he had tried at once. But Curly Comb was cackling and behaving just as she had in the boat, and he stopped to look at her.

Instead of stalking peacefully along the shore, as she usually did, Curly Comb did not keep still a single second. She cackled and screeched and fluttered. She flew up to the top of the bushes, and then flew down again. In fact she made such a hubbub that Dorcas, who was now home again and looking out of the upper back window, more than a quarter of a mile away, saw her, and was at once alarmed.

(Only the very tops of the bushes could be seen from this window, and this was the only window in the house where they were visible.)

"That looks like Donald's hen—that white thing up there," said Dorcas to herself. "If she is up at the pond, he must be. He must have gone off by himself while Leah and I were up the river."

Any one can imagine what good Dorcas did then.

Donald watched Curly Comb only for a moment. Then he stretched out his hand and picked the lilies which were within reach. After that, he turned around to take the oar from the water and move on. By this time the oar had drifted several feet away.

He struggled to bring the little boat nearer to the oar, and after puffing and getting very red could almost reach it. He stretched far over, but the oar floated just beyond. He looked down into the water. It did not seem deep. He thought to himself, "I don't mind a little thing like wetting my shoes and stockings. I'll step out and just get my oar."

So foolish little Donald put one leg on the edge of the boat, and was just going to step down, when the boat, as most boats would, promptly tipped square over, and he was dumped into the pond wheezing and gasping and screaming, and trying hurriedly to get his footing.

Donald's conduct now seemed to make poor Curly Comb more excited than ever. She dashed crazily back and forth and up and down. But such movements would have excited any hen. He no sooner got his feet planted in the soft mud, than he would become tangled in the lily pads and the weeds, and down he would go. Besides he was growing chilled in the cold water, and thought he was going to be drowned, and he screamed and cried in the most dismal way.

And what he was afraid of might have happened except that Dorcas just then came rushing up the hill. She must have come all the distance from the house in about five minutes.

(Poor Dorcas did not get over that run for a week.)

Ah, you should have seen Curly Comb then! As Dorcas flung off her shoes and stockings and pinned up her gown, Curly Comb sailed all around her, flying up in the air, running away and then running back again, all the time uttering the most singular noises.

Dorcas waded into the pond, and seized dear little Donald, just as all the color was going from his face, and all the courage from his poor, little heart.

(That night Mrs. Burden had a long talk with Donald. He

agreed with her that he must have a punishment, and it was decided that he must not go beyond the pasture-bars again that summer.)

Dorcas could not say too much in praise of Curly Comb's conduct. She believed, and so did Donald, that Curly Comb would not go into the boat because she knew Donald was doing wrong; also that her screechings and flappings after she hopped out were a protest against his staying in the boat.

Mr. and Mrs. Corey and Mrs. Burden smiled. Mr. Corey said, "Hens always act queer if you put 'em on water. If they hatch ducks and see 'em going into a pond they behave just about as Curly Comb did up there!"

A few days after this, Mrs. Temple, Susie's mother, called to inquire after the health of Curly Comb, and of course she heard the story of Donald's adventure on the pond.

Mrs. Temple saw Mr. and Mrs. Corey and Mrs. Burden smile when Donald said solemnly that Curly Comb had "saved his life," and she resolved to comfort the little boy, who also had seen the smile.

She said that she could believe any good thing of a hen that had attacked a ram in full career, and that had saved another hen's chickens, and that had travelled home by herself, after being stolen, many miles over a strange road, stopping on her way to lay eggs for a little sick girl.

Mr. Corey said it had "just happened so," but Mrs. Temple and Donald shook their heads.

When Donald went to bed that night, he put his arm around his mother's neck, and said, "Please, mama, I am *sure* that Curly Comb knows much more than you and Mr. Corey think. And anyway, whether it was 'just happen' or not, she has been good to me, hasn't she?"

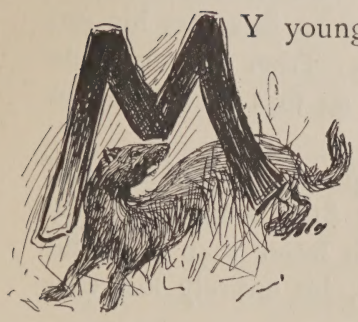
"Yes, Donald," his mother said, "she has."

"Then, mama," pleaded Donald, "please, please, don't ever downpraise hens any more! 'Specially, don't ever downpraise Curly Comb! You won't, will you?"

Mrs. Burden promised not to.

(THE END.) *Kate Upson Clarke.*

MINNIE'S STRANGE PET.



MY youngest sister's name was Maria, but she was such a dear, dimpled, rosy little thing that we thought this name too solemn for everyday use; so we called her "Minnie."

She was the "baby" of our large family and, of course, its most important member. But, although she reigned like a little queen over us, Minnie never became a "spoiled child."

Through all her merry youth she was the most unselfish, sweet-tempered, lovable creature to be anywhere found; and, now, in her seventieth year and surrounded by a host of grandchildren, she is called by all who know her, "the dearest old lady that ever lived."

On her sixth birthday Minnie received, among other presents, two gifts which she especially prized. One was a real silver thimble lined with gold. The other was something entirely different, being nothing more nor less than a lively young mink, which I, in one of my boyish forays, had managed to capture uninjured. It was a beautiful little animal, with glossy brown fur, shiny black eyes and the prettiest tail imaginable.

Minnie called the little mink "Tommy," and the very first use she made of her thimble was to sew a narrow collar of scarlet cloth around Tommy's glossy neck. The stitches were not very even nor quite straight, but the job was really well done for such a little girl, and Tommy seemed proud of the ornament. In two or three days he became so tame that he would climb all over his little child-mistress, play with her hair, nestle for hours in her lap and follow her everywhere.

Love begets love, I suppose; for as none of the other children ever cared much for the little stranger, so Tommy never showed the same affection for any one of them that he did for his happy owner.

When first caught, in August, Tommy was no bigger than a chipmunk, and for a while we fed him on little fishes—chubs, shiners and dace—taken from the creek. But he soon learned to eat cooked meat, and after that he grew so fast that his red necktie quickly became too small for him. Then Minnie made him another red one with a buckle on it, so that it could be let out when necessary.

A life of ease, with plenty of food, agreed wonderfully well with Tommy. He kept on growing for fully ten months, by which time he was much larger and much fatter than any wild mink I have ever seen; and, best of all, he entirely lost that strong odor which wild minks have.

As Tommy grew bigger and bigger, he became more and more fond of his pretty mistress and would play "hide and seek" with her for hours; but no matter how cunningly she might hide, indoors or out, upstairs or down, he would hunt her up in no time.

The little fellow's *finding* instinct used to amuse us greatly, but we never imagined that it would sometime relieve us of a heartbreaking anxiety. It did, however.

In warm weather, Tommy was often allowed to go down to the creek to disport himself in the water. He generally returned in good season, full of fun and with a prodigious appetite. But one afternoon in June, when he had been with us nearly a year, some inborn wild fit came over him, and he failed to appear at the six o'clock supper as usual.

As we gathered about the table, it was discovered that Minnie also was missing. And she could nowhere be found, though the banks of the creek, the stable and barn and, as we thought, all parts of the house were thoroughly searched.

Time passed away; the long June twilight drew to a close, and still there was no sign of the child, nor was there any sign of her pet.

By this time the household was nearly frantic, and when my poor mother pitifully moaned, "Oh! my darling baby has wandered away to the mill-pond and is drowned!" my father and two elder brothers, who had never thought of such a possibility

—the pond being more than a mile distant—started off like madmen. They had not been gone five minutes, when, just as candles were lighted, Master Tommy Mink crept in through the open door, looking very much ashamed of himself.

On seeing the little truant come in alone and in such a dejected state, my mother felt that her worst fears were true and she sank, almost fainting, into a chair. But Tommy, after glancing shyly around, and seeing that no little mistress was there to comfort him, began to sniff about the floor. All the doors and windows in the house were open, and presently he took his way toward the big seldom-used parlor.

TOMMY AND MINNIE.

My grown sister followed him; and in less than a quarter minute came back, sobbing aloud with joy and carrying Minnie in her arms!

It seems that the child, lonesome without her pet and sleepy from the heat, had crept under the huge old-fashioned parlor sofa and fallen so fast asleep that all the hubbub had not disturbed her. It was Tommy's soft paw and cry that had awakened her. He had gone straight to her under the sofa.

At once the long tin horn was blown to recall my father and brothers. When they arrived, and we at last sat down to supper, we were, I suppose, the happiest family in the whole world. I think that Tommy took all the credit to himself; for, as he perched on Minnie's shoulder and ate dainties from her hand, he looked the very picture of satisfied pride and self-conceit.

William Thomson.

What did the Black Cat do? Guess!

XII

The Black Cat had a birthday. He was two years old, and "He must have a party," said Polly. "A party means and and games. How can a have a party?" "We can ask the from next door," said Polly. "And they can play together while we are having a good time ourselves." So Puss had a fine new on, and a big of cream in the morning, and in the afternoon the party began. Six little boys and girls came when the struck four, and they petted and praised Puss till he purred with delight. But when he saw the his back went up, and he spit and snarled till away ran the visitor, and over the he flew, and never stopped till he was safe at home.

Polly was shocked. "I am afraid," she said to the who had brought the , "that Puss does not know how to behave at a party!" When Mama had set the little with and pretty and good things to eat, the children brought out their gifts for Puss. There was a silver for his neck, a new for his nap, a soft to play with, and many more things. But - where was Puss? "Maybe he is bashful," said one. "Maybe he is lost, said another. But Polly went and looked at his in the corner "Dear, dear!" she said, with a laugh and a frown. "He might have kept awake for once! Puss does not know how to behave at a party!" For while they were all planning for his pleasure, what had the Black Cat done? Guess!

Margaret Johnson.

DAVY LEDYARD'S FAIR.

WHEN Davy Ledyard had been living in the country a year, his papa took him to the County Fair—and he saw more pumpkins and cabbages and beets, and apples and grapes and pears, than he had seen in all his life before!

But his little sister Lucy couldn't go, so when he went home, he told her that he would make a little Fair, all for her—and she might help him.

There was a big packing-box in the yard, turned on its side, that they had often played "house" in, and this they took for the Fair building, and Davy got some starch boxes and soap boxes and fixed little stands all around the edge inside.

Then he took Lucy and started out to find things that would look like fruits and vegetables.

It was a bleak day. The wind was raw and cold, and the white frost still lay on the grass and stones. But they buttoned their coats, and pulled down their caps, and walked fast, and little Lucy said that she was not cold at all, and Davy said they would find plenty of fine "specimens" for the Fair; and so they did, for all things are possible to such children as Davy and Lucy.

They picked a lot of wild-rose berries first, and spread them on one of the stands for apples. Then Davy picked two gourds, from a vine that grew on a wall, for squashes.

But two squashes and some apples are not enough for a whole Fair! So they walked around again, to find something more.

Suddenly Davy said, "Why, Lucy! the top part of the small acorns will look *exactly* like potatoes!" So they picked up a lot of acorns, and took the tops out and piled them up for potatoes. While they were doing this Davy thought of something else; and that was—elder-berries, for plums. On the way to get them, they passed some scrub oaks with big round oak-galls growing on them.

"O! look," said Davy; "I'll paint those yellow, with my paints, and they'll make splendid pumpkins!"

"And we can cut ever so many little play-carrots, out of one big carrot, if papa will let us have it," said Lucy.

"And I'll tie pieces of cabbage-leaf around little balls of clay, to look like cabbages," said Davy.

So now they had thought of something to look like squashes and apples and potatoes and plums, and pumpkins and carrots and cabbages; and when these were all arranged together on the little stands, it began to look quite like a Fair.

"I've thought of something else!" said Davy after they had made the little carrots and finished fixing the cabbages. "We

THEY PULLED DOWN THEIR CAPS AND WALKED FAST.

need grapes most of all, for there were so *many* grapes at the Fair; and the little bunches of green berries on the ivy will be just right for grapes—the green ones will do for green grapes, and I'll paint a few bunches purple, for purple grapes."

While Davy was painting the grapes, he told Lucy to pick a lot of the pretty yellow grass with little seeds on it, that grew all around them; and when she brought it, he tied it into bundles to look like grain.

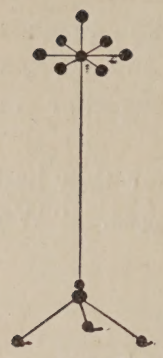
When Davy had set the grain bundles up in the corners, the Fair was all finished, and the children went into the house and asked their mama to come and look at it.

You can't guess how pretty it was, and their mama said she would rather see it than the real Fair!

Henrietta R. Eliot.

STICK-AND-PEA FURNITURE.

(In Two Parts.—Part II.)

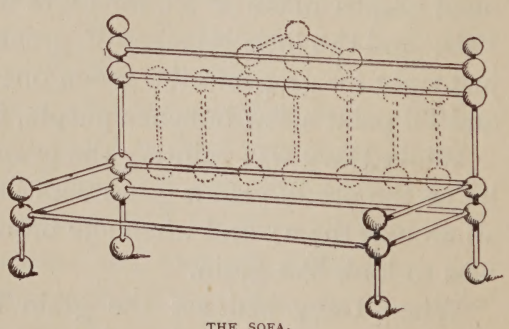


PLAN OF HAT-TREE.

IN the doll-house hall should stand a little hat-tree—and a stick-and-pea hat-tree is both easy to make and pretty to see.

Take first a long stick, and put a large pea on the lower end, a common-sized pea above but close against it, another near the top, and a fourth at the very tip-top. Into the big pea at the bottom, set three short sticks with peas at the ends. These three sticks should slant down, to form the feet (perhaps I should say "roots," it being a "tree"!), or triangular base supporting the standard—as in the "plan." Into the pea near the top set six still shorter sticks, also with peas at the ends. These six sticks should be horizontal, to form the arms (perhaps I should say "branches," it being a "tree"!), on which to hang things. If a gentleman-doll caller wears a high hat, it can be hung on the very tip-top of the standard itself.

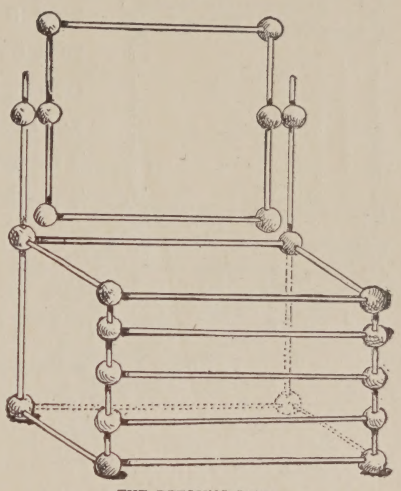
In the parlor, you will of course want a handsome sofa. Now a sofa is very like an arm-chair, only very much wider—just as if an arm-chair were india-rubber, and you should take it by the sides, and stretch it to right and to left, until all the horizontal lines running from side to side were two times, three times, four times, as long as at the start. But sticks are not india-rubber, so the sticks running from side to side, or end to end, of your sofa must be four times as long as those of a chair to start with.



THE SOFA.

As in the chair, two sticks form the sides of the back, and also the back legs. On each stick put six peas, three near together

at the top, one at the bottom, one at the seat, one just above the seat. The peas at the top are for ornament. Connect the peas just below by a pair of long sticks; also connect the peas at the seat, and those just above. Next build out the seat, and the tops of the low arms. Last, put in place the front legs, which should extend above the seat to form the fronts of the arms, and which should have peas at the lower end like the back legs. The dotted sticks and peas in the picture show how to make the back "solid," and to build up an ornamental centre. The seat may be made "solid" by sticks running from end to end. A row of six baby dolls sitting on a stick-and-pea sofa is a cunning "baby show."

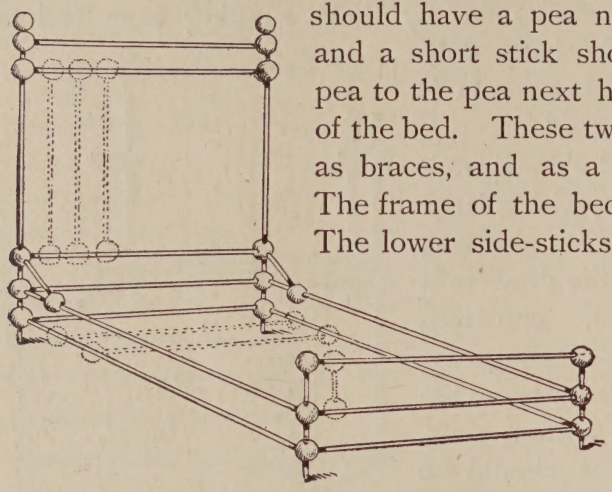


THE DRESSING-CASE.

The young lady dolls will want a fine dressing-case, with a large mirror. The part of a dressing case which holds the drawers is like a high wide box. The front upright sticks of the dressing-case should have three extra peas, between the top and bottom peas, and these extra peas should be connected by sticks, to mark off the drawers, as in the picture. The back upright sticks should extend high above the drawers, to hold the mirror, and each should have a pea near its top. Make the mirror of four sticks and four peas, with an extra pea at the middle of each side stick. Hold the mirror in place, and slip a very short stick in from each side, through the pea on the upright stick and into the middle pea on the side of the mirror. The mirror will now hang upright, or tip forward or backward —so the young lady doll can see if the skirt of her gown hangs right, or if her back hair is coiled and pinned as it should be.

At the end of the day, and the end of the furniture, comes the bed. Build first the head of the bed. Take two sticks for the sides, or posts, and put six peas on each, at the points shown by the picture. Cut five sticks as long as you wish the

width of the bed, and with them connect the peas on the two posts, beginning with the bottom peas—the top pea on each post is left for ornament. Next, build the foot of the bed. Take two short sticks for the sides, or posts, and put three peas on each, as in the picture. Connect the peas on the two posts by sticks just as long as the connecting sticks in the head of the bed. Now cut four sticks as long as you wish the length of the bed, and join the head and the foot by two of these sticks on each side, connecting the lower peas. Each upper side-stick should have a pea near the head end, and a short stick should run from this pea to the pea next higher on the head of the bed. These two short sticks serve as braces, and as a pleasing "finish." The frame of the bed is now complete. The lower side-sticks may be joined by "slats," as shown by the dotted sticks and peas. The head and foot may be made "solid" by filling in with sticks and peas, as shown by the dotted sticks and peas at one side of each.



THE BED.

And then you can "make up" the bed, and put your tired doll's nightgown on, and tuck her in, and say, "Good-night!"

C. S. P.

SEASONABLE.

Oh, I wished that I were a bird and could fly,
When the cherries were ripe in July;
And now, in October, a squirrel I'd be,
And climb to the nuts in the very tip-top of the tree.

Bob.

A YEAR OF PLEASURE.

This number of LITTLE FOLKS completes the first volume. The editors have been making plans and arrangements for months past to give our readers even more attractive magazines during the second year. They mean to make LITTLE FOLKS better in many ways—and everybody says it is already the best little folks' magazine ever printed. The publisher is going to tell you about some of the good things, but not all—you must wait for the numbers of LITTLE FOLKS to know about the rest of them.

A new six months serial by Sophie Swett, called *Billy Boy Brown*, will begin in the November number. Billy Boy is a young brother of Bee, the littlest one of the Browns. The publisher read the story to his own boys a few days ago, just to try it, and they pronounced it "*great, the best one of all.*" But they haven't heard the other six months story, *The Sea Captain's Children*, by Katherine B. Foote. This one is a true story of some little boys and girls who lived in an old Dutch farm-house on Staten Island, and their famous diggings for Captain Kidd's pots of gold.

The friends of the Little Booboo will remember that Arabella and Araminta had two little brothers, twins, whose names were Roggie and Reggie. They are two years old now, and Miss Gertrude Smith is writing twelve little stories about their doings and their adventures. Mr. Barnes is making a great many cunning pictures which will run down the paper with the stories, as the twins themselves run side by side.

And Miss Margaret Johnson, who made such cute pictures and guessing stories about the Black Cat, is going to tell all about the little White Dog. The publisher *thinks* that he was lost, and that you'll have a chance to guess where—for the picture stories will be called *Where was the little White Dog?*

The list of premiums in the front of this number takes up so much room that only a few other things can be mentioned

here. If you like LITTLE FOLKS you will show the publisher how *much* you like it by asking all your friends to subscribe. This is just the best time in the year to begin to take it, and every friend of the magazine can find *one* subscriber, and many can secure several.

Here are some of the other good things, just the titles and the names of the authors.

Little Children's Visits with Great Poets. I. A Little Girl's Recollections of Whittier. By Jean Fraley Hallowell. II. A Little Girl's Recollections of Tennyson. By the daughter of the Dean of Westminster. III. A Little Girl's Recollections of Longfellow. By Laura E. Richards.

Nature Stories for the Nursery. I. How a Snowflake helped Build an Iceberg. By Mary L. Hammatt. II. How Baby Birds Learn to Fly. By Mary Mann Miller. III. The Color Fairies' Queen. By Frances W. Danielson.

Miss Risley-Seward's true animal stories. I. Rose Sandberg's Sea Voyage. II. Little Yankee Ting-a-ling. III. A Political Kitty.

"When our Country was New" stories. I. The Deer's Antlers. By Jean Fraley Hallowell. II. How Jack Saved Betty. By Mrs. L. E. R. Lambrigger. III. Little Bial Zeph's Sunday Suit. By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

Besides, there will be in every number some unexpected good thing which is now kept for a surprise. There will be a great variety of short stories, "true" and "ought-to-be-true;" and poems funny (not to mention jingles), and poems beautiful, and poems to "speak in school;" and wise little articles about things, and people, and events. The popular "Baby Shows" will be held at intervals. The "Letter-Bag" will continue to carry the children's letters, from everybody to everywhere. Miss Hewins, the authority on children's books, will answer the mother's question, "What shall the children read?" and "The Alphabet Beautiful," with its "talks" which mothers and teachers have found so helpful, will be carried on toward the letter Z.

SAVED *From painting by Landseer.*

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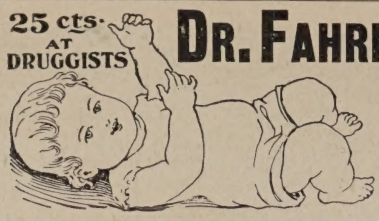

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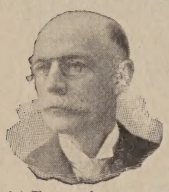

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To do this, find as many good-sized pictures of animals as you have guests. Cut each out, close to the outline as neatly as you can, after pasting it on cardboard or bristol-board, not too thick to cut easily with scissors. When dry, cut each animal, one at a time, into pieces of any shape and size you like. It is a good way to mark it into pieces before you begin to cut.

Remember to cut all of the pictures into the same number of pieces. Do not cut the animals into too many pieces, for there will be more fun if the game can be played quickly.

Put the pieces of each animal into an envelope before you begin to cut another, and on it write the name of one of your guests.

At your party, present each of your guests the envelope bearing his or her name.

Then, each is to try to "make an animal" by putting the pieces together, in a certain length of time.

Have a large table, or several little tables, around which your guests can sit, without crowding.

Then change the envelopes, and sort the animals into them, and begin again.

Do not play over an hour.

You can have a pretty little prize to give the guest who puts together the greatest number of animals in the hour.

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NIOBRARA, NEB.

Dear Little Folks: — You have had several letters from our house, but this is *my* first letter to you. I am glad that you have come, *Little Folks!* You are just lovely. I think that you are well worth one dollar.

I have four sisters. My baby-sister is two years old, and is beautiful; she can say "papa," "mama," "baby" and "bah!" It sounds very cute. Her name is Lenore. We call her Nora for short. We live two miles from Niobrara.

I have six cousins and four aunts, five uncles. I have seen two of my cousins, but I was too small to remember them; the names of the two oldest ones are Bonnie and Clare. Bonnie is 12 and Clare is 10 years old.

I have a sister Bonnie too. My sister Bonnie is six years old. She can't read nor write, but when she hears anything read out of *Little Folks* she can repeat the pieces and learn them by heart. She likes the Booboo stories and "Those Queer Little Smiths" and what the Black Cat done. She is always saying them, because she likes them best. I think that the babies in your January number are just lovely. I was very much interested in the story called "The Littlest One of the Browns." I have tried the stick and pea play, but didn't succeed *very* well.

We have no cats or dogs. We have three horses; one is a three-year-old colt, but she is broke to work by the side of her mother. Her mother's name is Brownie, and her name is Perche. Rossie, my sister, drives Perche and Brownie to town a good many times. I would not dare to. Rossie calls me "fradie," because I am afraid to.

We live between two Indian reservations, and I don't like Indians, and I am afraid that they will get me and carry me off. Mama says that they won't hurt me; I don't think they will either, but I'm afraid just the same.

We have an incubator and a brooder. Mama set the incubator the other day; it holds 50 eggs. I got a doll for Christmas, and I keep it in a box under my bed, and Nora goes and gets it out whenever she wants it, because her doll is broke. If any of *Little Folks'* girls will write to me I will answer them.

Well I will close now and will write again if this escapes the waste basket.

Claudia C. Lambrigger.

HUMBOLDT, IA.

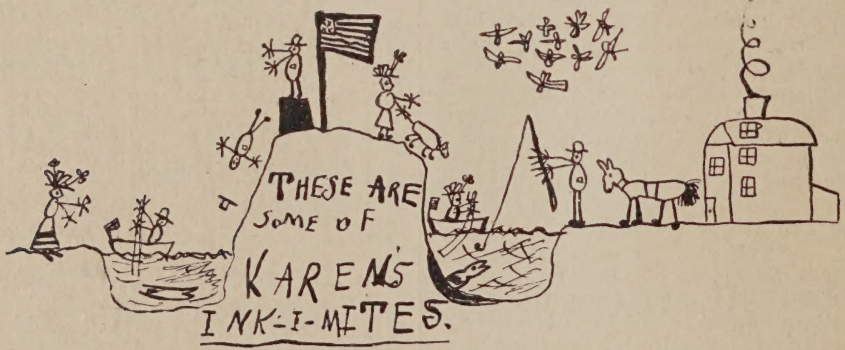
Dear Little Folks: — I like "The Littlest of the Browns" and "The Shining Little Patriot" of all the stories in the book the best, but like to read them all. I wish you could have a story about a little girl and her dolls, and tell all about how she played with them.

Gladys Oestrich.

WHITE HALL, ILL.

Dear Little Folks: — This is my first letter, so I will not make it very long. I am nine years old, and have lived on a farm all my life. I love to read my *Little Folks* magazine. I am always reading it. I have three sisters, and they also like to hear me read it.

Leah Porter.



BOSTON, MASS.

Dear Little Folks: — I send you a picture, and papa thinks I would better tell you what it all means. The two deep places are water, the rest is land. The man fishing is my Grandpa Wood, who lives in Iowa. He is catching a whale, whose tail is hidden in the mud. Grandpa's horse, Jettie, is waiting to take home the load of fish. The sea-gulls, flying, are much amused. My cousin Marion is trying her best to keep her dog out of the water. The one in the boat, on the side that the whale is on, is my Aunt Nellie, who lives in Honolulu. My friend Jimmy stands at the foot of the flag-pole. A boy I do not know is diving, but Uncle Win, who lives beside the Connecticut river, is going to save him in his boat. You can see how well he rows!

My Grandma Bagg, in a new bonnet, is telling him not to run over my gold-fish, "Frisk."

I like the queer "Grotesquemaux" in February *Little Folks.* My pictures I call "Ink-i-mites." My mama will be surprised when she reads this letter. So will my Aunt Sibyl.

Karen A. Bagg.

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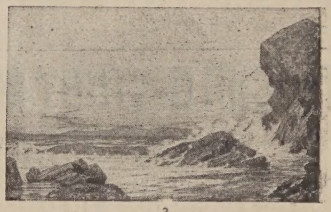

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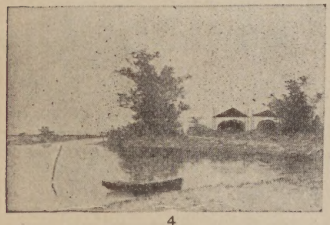

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1. The Doge's Palace, Venice.
2. Delft Haven. The Pilgrim Fathers Sailed From Here in July, 1620.
3. Looking Across the Golden Gate, San Francisco.
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6. Summer Landscape in Ohio.
7. Old Fish Houses, Martha's Vineyard.
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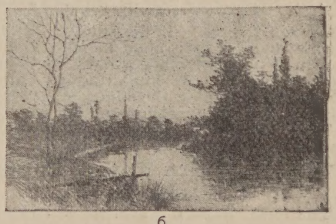

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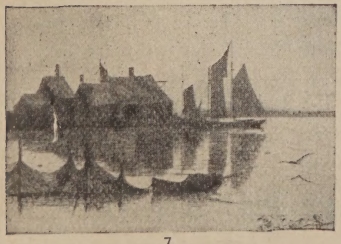

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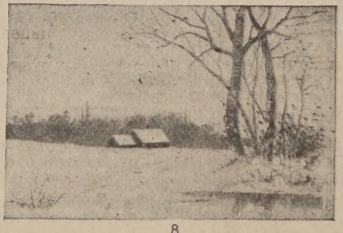

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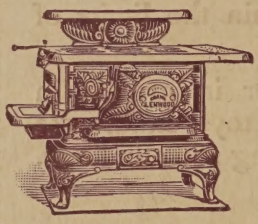

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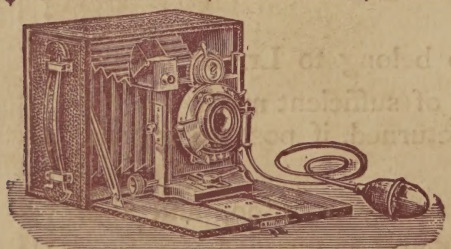

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